THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By Blakely & Martin. JUNCTION, DAVIS CO., KANSAS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862. Vol. I.—No. 48.

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A MOMENT OF HORROR.

For twenty-three years old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil in Baldwin county, and drawn therefrom a support for himself and wife. He is childless. Not long ago, Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old, worn-out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well, twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that, at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot an ill-wind drifted Jake's "tile" from his head, and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and in it tumbled.

Now, Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the truant cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was soon on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun, so he quietly slipped up to the old horse, unbuckled the strap, and approached with slow and measured "ting-a-ling" to the edge of the well.

"Dang the old blind horse!" said Jake; "he's comin' this way, sure, and aint got no more sense nor to fall in here. Whoa, Ball!"

But the continued approach of the "ting-a-ling" said, just as plain as words, that old Ball wouldn't "whoa." Besides, Jake was at the bottom, resting before trying to "shin" it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem!" said he, "the old cuss will be a-top o' me 'fore I can say Jack Robinson. Whoa! dang you, whoa!"

Just then Ned drew up to the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"O Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling on his knees at the bottom of the well; "I'm gone now!—Whoa!—Now I lay me down to sleep—Whoa, Ball!—I pray the Lord my soul to—Whoa! now—O Lord, have mercy on—

Ned could hold in no longer, and fearful that Jake might suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels toward that well. May be Jake wasn't up to the top of it in short order. May be not. I don't know. But I do know that if Jake finds out who sent you this, it will be the last squib you'll get from me.

A PRISONER'S RETURN.

Rev. Hiram Eddy, of Winsted, Conn., chaplain of Second Connecticut Volunteers, who was captured at Bull Run, has returned home. A thunder storm prevented any message being sent announcing his arrival, so that no one was on hand to receive him. On the news being received that he was home, the bells were set ringing, cannon fired, and everybody seemed perfectly wild with joy. The next day a procession was formed, who waited upon him, escorted him to his church, when an address of welcome was delivered by Rev. Ira Pettibone, attended by other appropriate services. In reponse to Mr. Pettibone's welcome, Mr. Eddy spoke for nearly two hours, describing circumstantially his capture, and commenting generally upon the rebellion. His zeal is as unquenched as ever—to use his own language, "I am for the Union ten thousand times more than ever before—my hairs have whitened during the year of my captivity, but for every white hair I have scored a black mark against this rebellion." No more moving adjuration to young men to give themselves to the cause in which he has suffered so much could have been uttered, and we hope it will not be without its influence.—*Courant.*

☞ Mr. Trollope, in his recent work on North America, lays especial stress on the fact that every laboring man in the United States is to be seen with his newspaper.

PRINTERS AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of The Press:

SIR: You will pardon the liberty I take in presenting a few facts concerning the patriotism and laudable public spirit exhibited by the typographical fraternity of this country, in former struggles, and in the present war for the Union, liberty, and human happiness. Like editors, printers can least be spared during the war, for then it is that important events are constantly transpiring, for full accounts of which the public thirst, and the only channel for obtaining which is the daily newspaper. Still, making a much greater sacrifice than almost any other professional gentleman, the patriotic printer leaves his "stand" to take another under the folds of the "stars and stripes," wherever the bright banner may lead him.

The "art preservative of all arts" has never been so widely useful or so universally appreciated as in this country during the present century, and it is the proud boast of the American printer that there are published in the United States more newspapers than in all the rest of the world put together; he is proud of this because it speaks volumes in favor of the advanced civilization of the nation, and a wide-spread demand on the part of the people for general intelligence of every description. It is not surprising that the artists in such a profession should include in their ranks some of the most distinguished and learned men of all history. When we go back, hundreds of years ago, we find the humble locksmith, Guttenburg, possessed of a grand original idea—that of multiplying impression rapidly from devices upon blocks of wood—absorbing the attention, and enlisting the powerful co-operation of the learned and wealthy Dr. Faust, who is able to call the attention of the civilized world to the discovery, and secure its adoption and application by the scribes of his day. The printing office of Dr. Faust was indeed the "poor boy's college" for Peter Shoeffer, for here it was that he obtained that fine education which prepared his mind and shaped his thoughts for the invention and manufacture of what have since turned the world upside down—metal types. A little later we behold in lovely Italy the sublime spectacle of Manutius the elder, a man thoroughly learned in the ancient classics, and the arts and sciences of his day, furnishing the literary world with works of untold value, printed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, page by page. And so assiduously did he labor, that nearly two thousand volumes were issued from his establishment during his life-time. So important do we find his labors to have been, that we read of the journey the Admirable Crichton—the greatest scholar of his time—made from Scotland to Italy, to confer with Manutius concerning the printing of classical works, and the introduction of some marks or signs of punctuation, to mark sentences, paragraphs, and their sub-divisions. From Italy we turn to France, and observe the distinguished Didot family engaged in the art of printing—a recognized adjunct of royalty. In England we have great men in the profession, from Caxton down to Stanhope, Richardson, Bradford, and Timperly.

In America among the "noblemen by nature" who have been proficient in the great art of printing and have rendered their country service in one way or another, we are proud to mention the names of Stephen Day, of New England, the first American printer; William Bradford, of Pennsylvania; Franklin, the printer, author, sage, and statesman. Among the most distinguished journalists of the country we find the following printers, which are but a few whose names occur to us now: Hons. Joseph F. Buckingham, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Bayard Taylor, Major Ben Perley Poore, Rev. Thomas H. Stockton. Among our public men, Vice President Hamlin, Secretary Smith, Postmaster General Blair, Simon Cameron, Minister to Russia; Senator Grimes, Harlan, Bigler, Baker, and others; Secretary Welles, Hon. John W. Forney, and many others, are now performing honorable service for the country.

Many distinguished soldiers have been, and are at present, our craftsmen; among whom we may mention the following:

Marshal Brune, who distinguished himself on several occasions during the French Revolution, at the Arcola, and in Holland, was a practical printer.

John Lambert Tellien, who did so much to overthrow Robespierre, and who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, was a printer.

Jonathan Elliott, author of "American Diplomatic Code," "Debates on the adoption of the American Constitution," &c., &c., who was a leader in the Revolution of Caraccas, for the independence of New Granada, was with Simon Bolivar in several engagements, and was made a prisoner of war when Miranda surrendered, was a printer.

Major General Dix, General Butterfield, General Sickles, General Birney, General Sweeney, have been printers. Cols. Cake, J. H. Taggart, Tippon and Major Panghorn, were printers by profession, and laid down the composing stick to take up the pen first, and then the sword in defence of the Union.

Colonel James Cameron, of the 79th Highlanders, Captain Madigan, of Boston, Captain Louis Quackenbush, of the 5th Michigan, Captain Megonigle of Baxter's Fire Zouaves, and Jesse J. Thomas, assistant surgeon of the 10th New Jersey, belong to the list of printers who have fought and died for the "red, white, and blue," in the present struggle.

Boston has sent many printers out among her brave volunteers. A recent number of the Boston *Journal*, one of the best newspapers in the country, says: No class of our citizens have responded with more alacrity to the call of their country than the members of the "art preservative of arts." There is probably not an office in the city that has not sent forth some of its men to help swell that "grand army" which is to "crush out" the rebellion, The patriotism of Benjamin Franklin still animates the craft; and they are ready to lay aside the "composing stick" and shoulder the "shooting stick" at the call of duty.

* * * * *

New York printers have also reponded nobly to the cause—many of them having gained distinction as officers. If I thought you could spare room I might publish a long list of the names of those who have volunteered from our craft from the commercial metropolis. The "Knights of Faust on Manhattan" will never forget their country in the time of her need.

A Western paper says: "Nearly every newspaper in the West is advertising for compositors or printers. The truth is, the printers are all volunteering, and in consequence there is an unusual demand for those that are left. The printers are ever ready, when the country calls, to lay down the composing-stick and take up the shooting-stick."

Indeed, it has been estimated that over one per centum of our entire army of volunteers. According to the last census there are 18,000 printers in the United States, four-fifths of whom are in the loyal States.

In the Mexican War the proportion of printers was greater. * * *

Philadelphia printers are not behind their fellow-craftsmen in other cities. I would like to publish the name of every printer that has volunteered from this city, but the list would make a "column" entirely too solid and heavy, and take up too much of your valuable space.

* * * *

The printers, it will be seen, are well represented in the *solid columns* of the Union, and with good *shooting sticks*, plenty of *leaded matter*, a full *font* of *cannon*, and a *bold face*, they will meet the *minions* of Jeff. Davis, *batter* his forts, *chase* the enemy from his strongholds, and *lock up the forms* of the Secesh *leaders*. We are sure that, before they return, they will make an *imposing display*, and *imprint* a *good impression* upon history's *page*. If all classes of the community carry the same deep love for the Union in their bosom, as do the printers, not a * will fall from our holy flag, not a § of our soil will be given up to the traitors.

Begging your pardon, Mr. Editor, for thus tresspassing upon your valuable time and space, under a desire to do full justice to our craft, I would remain, yours obediently,

"TYPO."

PHILADELPHIA, August 25, 1862.

A PATRIOTIC PASTOR.

The Pittsburg correspondent of the *Philadelphia Standard* describes the prevalence of the patriotic spirit in that region as quite equal to that of Boston. He says:

"The military spirit in this region is wonderfully in the ascendent. Allegheny and Butler counties will more than send out their quota of the 300,000 call. The very choicest of our young men, not waiting or wishing for office, are turning into the 'rank and file' by hundreds and thousands, and are now pressing on the enemy's country. A few evenings ago, Rev. Mr. Clark (the successor of the Rev. Dr. Rogers in Allegheny City) held a prayer-meeting with the young men of his congregation. During the progress of the meeting he urged upon them the necessity of their coming up to the help of the Government in this hour of trial. He is a true patriot himself, and he spoke enthusiastically and earnestly. At the close of his address a young man arose and said, 'Sir, if *you* will agree to lead us into the battle-field, I for one will follow.' The reverend gentleman immediately responded to the challenge and recorded his name as a soldier of the United States army. Before the adjournment of that meeting, more than thirty young men enrolled their names; and by the next day the whole company was made up, and the noble pastor was elected their captain. The work did not stop here, however, for within the next thirty-six hours a second full company was organized; and by Saturday morning a third one, entire and complete, was sworn into the service! In the borough of Sewickley, where there are about 120 voters, more than 60 young men have enlisted for the war. The 'Scotch-Irish' element in this region is aroused. The people are now terribly in earnest. The rebellion must be crushed; the Government must be sustained."

☞ A newspaper, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says, "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor—whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung-hole of a barrel."

[By Request.]

OUR FRIENDS SO FAR AWAY.

[A friend of Mr. H——, of this village, now in the Union Army, writes from County Down, Ireland:]

At our Annual Meeting, our prayers were still offered for our friends in America, and this little hymn, composed for the occasion, was sung with sad solemnity by us:

AIR—AULD LANG SYNE.

My friends, when here together met,
And privileged to pray,
Shall we among our friends forget
The dear ones far away?
The dear ones far away.

O Lord, thou knowest how prone they are,
Like us, to go astray;
Then make thy chief peculiar care,
Our friends so far away.
Our friends so far away.

Thou knowest the enemy of souls
Would make of them a prey,
Unless Thy sovereign grace upholds
Our friends so far away.
Our friends so far away.

Wherever Thou their lot has cast,
Be it on land or sea,
O may thy choicest blessings rest
On them so far away.
On them so far away.

And when this weary life is done,
And time has passed away,
O may we meet around thy throne,
Our friends so far away.
Our friends so far away.

And in our Father's house above,
Through one eternal day,
We'll sing of Christ's redeeming love,
With friends so far away.
With friends so far away.

A THRILLING STORY.

The following story is taken from "Parley's Thousand and One Stories." It is founded upon an occurrence which actually took place in Vermont some forty years ago. The facts are almost literally related:

My brother Heman liked the business of carrying the mail better than I did, so I went to work in a new clearing I had commenced, and not quite so far from the house of a brother-in-law. I used to stay as often at one place as the other. I felt the force of this in the course of the winter, as you will see directly.

There had falled one of our old-fashioned Northern New York snows, brusted over hard enough to bear a man. I was getting along famously with my clearing, making ready to build a house in the spring. I was ambitious, working early and late, going without my dinner some days, when the bread and meat I had brought in my pocket was frozen so hard that I could not masticate it without taking up too much of my time. One day it was intensely cold, with a prospect of a storm that might hinder my work next day, so I worked on as long as I could see, and after twilight I felled a tree which in its descent lodged against another. I could not bear the idea of leaving the job half finished, and mounted the almost prostrate body to cut a limb to let it down.

The body of the tree forked about forty feet up, into two equal parts, with large projecting limbs from both. It was one of these that I had to cut away to bring it to the ground. In my haste, perhaps I was not as careful as I should have been; at any rate, the first blow cut the lodgement so that the tree began to settle, and I was just agoing to jump off when the fork split, and as it did so one foot dropped into the space so that I could not extricate it for the moment; but I felt no alarm, for I knew that I could cut away the tree in a minute, or perhaps draw my foot out of the boot, as the pressure was not severe. At the first blow of the axe, the tree took another start, rolled over, and the split closed with all the force of its giant strength, crushing my foot till the very bones were flattened, and there I hung suspended, just able to touch the tips of my fingers in the snow, with nothing to rest upon for a moment—the air at zero, and growing colder—no prospect of any one coming that way that night—no friends to feel alarmed at my absence, for one would suppose me safe with the other.

My axe, in its fall, rested upon the snow crust about ten feet off. If I could only get that I might yet save myself. I did not think how I was to cut myself loose from the body of that great tree, suspended as I was, head down, and suffering with the rushing of disordered blood, but I thought in that keen blade my only hope of life was fixed. Just forward of me grew a slim bush, which I thought, if I could obtain it, I could form into a hook by twisting the limbs together, and draw the axe within my reach.

Although the bush was out of my reach, I at last succeeded in getting hold of it by means of a loop made by tying my suspenders together. I drew it toward me and cut it off with my pocket knife—one of that sort so long known as "Barlow knives," having a single blade two and a half inches long, and three-eigths of an inch wide, with an equal width throughout, set in a handle of peculiar form, half its length iron, and half bone or horn. I succeeded admirably in fashioning my hook, and almost felt my axe handle within my grasp so certain was I of success. From that tree that imprisoned me, the ground descended rapidly for a dozen rods or so to a little creek. My axe lay upon the brow of the hill. The first movement I made toward twisting the loop of my stick around the handle within my reach, loosened it from its icy bed, and away it went down the hill, crushing through the frost brittle bushes; down upon the ice of the creek, to a little fall a few rods below, and over that into the unfrozen pool, with a surging sound, as it fell into the water, that seemed to send its icy chill through every vein and artery of my whole body.

I still had my knife. True, it was a rough surgical instrument, but hope and the love of life gave me strength to climb up my fastened leg and cut away the boot and stocking; then with that knife I unjointed my ancle and fell to the ground—my left leg a footless, bleeding stump!

The intensity of the cold saved me from bleeding to death. I tore off a part of my coat, and with my handkerchief and suspender managed to bind up my leg with a handful of snow, and started to crawl home. I succeeded in reaching within sight of the house and then my strength utterly failed me.

I tried my voice, but made no one hear. I exerted myself once more, and crawled toward the road that I knew Heman must come. It was a painful task, for, beside my exhaustion, I was perishing with cold. Just then I heard the sound of my brother's stage horn, and the jingle of bells coming down the hill. I strained my voice to the utmost pitch, but he did not, could not hear; but there was another friend—man's faithful friend—who did hear. Old Hunter, the noble old dog, had insisted on accompanying this trip, and brother said, "Let him go; who knows what good may come of it?" Good did come, for his ear was quicker than Heman's and he roused up at the first cry, and as the second reached his ear, he leaped out and in a minute was at the spot where I lay upon the snow.

Just then the sleigh had got up the hill; Hunter sprang back into the path, barked loudly, and when the horses came up he jumped up, seized the reins, and would not let go till Heman called a halt.

Hunter let go his hold on the horses, jumped back to the sleigh, caught hold of Heman's hand, pulling off the mitten, and away he ran back where I was, and commenced barking furiously, but I heard nothing. The effect upon me, when I knew I was discovered by that faithful dog, and that he would never desert me, nor cease his efforts until he had obtained help, caused me to faint. My brother knew that Hunter was not at play—that something curious was the matter—and he jumped out of the sleigh and ran after him.

In a little while I was safe at home; the doctor was sent for, and my wound properly dressed. I eventually recovered.

THE POWER OF NATIONAL MUSIC.

The Memphis *Bulletin* has the following touching incident, illustrative of the power of national music over even a heart seared with treason:

Tuesday evening, when the band of the 25th Indiana were serenading Col. Hillyer and lady, it happened that the wife and daughter of a distinguished Kentucky member of our Congress, (Mr. Dunlap) were on a visit to Mrs. H. The daughter is the wife of a prominent officer in the rebel army, and one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the South. She had just arrived from Mississippi, and was on her way to her childhood's home in Kentucky, having accompanied her husband hitherto through the war. On the occasion referred to, the band first played some operatic pieces. Then there was a pause—then the Star Spangled Banner. When the first strain of the grand old American Marsailles filled the air, the rebel officer's wife clasped her hands together and burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh, that dear, dear old tune! I have not heard it for so long a time, I feel like a wanderer come home again." The effect on those present may be imagined.

A SELL.—Not long since a lot of us—I am an H. P., "high private," now—were quartered in several wooded tenements, and in the inner room of one lay the *corpus* of a young Secesh officer, awaiting burial. The news soon spread to a village not far off. Down came a tearing sentimental and not bad-looking specimen of a Virginny dame.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!" she cried, as I interrupted her progress. "Do let me kiss him for his mother!"

"Kiss whom?"

"The dear little lieutenant, the one who lies dead within. Point him him out to me, sir, if you please. I never saw him, but—oh!"

I led her through a room in which Lieut. ——, of Philadelphia, lay stretched out on an upturned trough, fast asleep. Supposing him to be the "article" sought for, she rushed up and exclaiming, "Let me kiss him for his mother," approached her lips to his forehead. What was her amazement when the "corpse" ardently clasping its arms around her, returned the salute vigorously and exclaimed: "Never mind the old lady, Miss, go it on your account. I haven't the slightest objection!"

☞ An anxious father had been lecturing his dissolute son, and, after a most pathetic appeal to his feelings, discovering no signs of contrition, he exclaimed: "What, no relenting emotion? not one penitent tear?" Ah, father," replied the hardened hopeful, "you may as well leave off 'boring' me; you will obtain no water, I can assure you."

SENSIBLE OBSERVATIONS.

Bulwer, in the last number of his "Caxtonia," indulges in the following trite but sensible observations:

It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing By female friendships I mean pure friendships—those in which there are no admixture of the passion of love, except in the married state. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. If he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendships he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships, where disparity of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older, and with those much younger, than ourselves. Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and a loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Marie de Gournay, an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayists, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude and retirement, as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship, indeed, is to man, "*præsidium et dulce decus*"—bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.

LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world; many confidently assert that London, or, as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior both in size and the number of its inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is, without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world.

It contains the vast number of 1,500,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 of human souls.

Many of the streets are nineteen Japaneseries in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles.

The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along the coast is constantly white with the sails of ships. Their vessels sail to the Southern portion of the empire, where they are ladened with rice, tea, sea-coal, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which can find ready market in the North; and then return freighted with corn, salt, oil, isinglass, and various other productions of the North, which have a market in the South.

SIGEL AND BANKS.

The people here are very enthusiastic over Sigel and Banks, whenever they appear on the streets or at the hotels. At noon to-day, these two Generals were at a room at Willard's, looking over a map of Virginia. General Sigel came out shortly, mounted his horse and rode away on a gallop. As he came from the room into the hall of the hotel, the crowd set up the cry of "Sigel! There goes Sigel!" And by the time he had reached the sidewalk a large crowd was around him hurrahing excitedly. It is noticeable that whenever a great favorite of the public appears the prefix of "General" is never applied to him. The people cry "Sigel!" "Banks!" and "Burnside!" and say nothing as to their rank. General Sigel is looking very thin, but in good health. He and General Banks have plenty to do just now.

☞ The only flag of any nation that has attempted to run the blockade, has been that of England. This speaks volumes for the political character of a portion of the public sentiment of Great Britain, and also of the sincere neutrality of its Government; especially when the undisguised sympathy with the rebellion in the Province is taken into the account. It is to be feared that John Bull's policy is not the "best policy" whose largest element is honesty; but rather of that other typo wherein interest rules.

☞ One of our English born citizens, who has resided here about fifteen years, returned home a short time since from a visit to the old country. Our friend says he is down on "hold Hingland," from the fact that they are all "bloody secessionists over there!" In answer to the question: "Which country would you prefer to live in, England or America?" he answered: I'd rather be hung in H'America, than die a natural death in H'England!"

☞ The wheat crop of Minnesota this year will produce 6,500,000 bushels, which will allow the State an export of 500,000